

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

RIDE DUBLEY

Poppie, the shipping clerk, put his pen on his ear and, turning from his desk, asked: "Does anybody here know whether this new vaudeville play, 'A Modern Eve,' is a take-off on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?"

Miss Prim, private secretary to the boss, laughed. "My dear Mr. Poppie," she replied, "that play is called 'A Modern Eve.' It has nothing to do with 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and was written by several famous bloods. Little Eve doesn't figure in the plot of the show at all."

"Then I presume the play concerns the Golden of Eden and Mother Eve, is it?"

"I don't know."

"And don't give Adam," shouted Bobbie, the office boy.

"Oh, shut up!" said the blond stenographer to Bobbie.

"Just a minute," said Spooner, the bookkeeper. "Let's not quarrel. I understand Rudolph Herz is soon to be seen in a new play. Didn't he appear in 'Madame Sheridan'?"

"For the love of Mike!" said the blonde. "That comedian's name is Ralph and he appeared in 'Madame Sheridan.' I think that's the play in which the fat woman keeps shouting 'He's mine,' meaning the comedian."

"Well, he was Herz, wasn't he?" asked Bobbie, innocently.

"Not so bad," said Poppie.

"I think it was awful," snapped the blonde.

"What's the matter, Miss Tiller?" asked Spooner. "Did you get out of bed on the wrong side this morning?"

"She got out on the west side," said Bobbie. "She lives on West."

"Bobbie, this is funny," sneered Miss Prim. "Pay no attention to him and he may recover. Speaking of shows, I think I shall see the 'Lamb's Scramble.'"

"It's a gambol," said Poppie.

"Naturally," came from Miss Prim. "All theatrical ventures are."

The boss arrived on the scene a moment later. He was smiling. "Say, folks," he began, "I don't know much about theatricals, but I thought of a good conundrum about a vaudeville show as I was coming down in the car this morning."

"Tell us, won't you?" said Miss Prim, sweetly. "We'd all so like to hear it."

"All right! Listen! Why does E. F. Albee make his headquarters at the Palace?"

"Because he's a vaudeville king," shouted Bobbie.

The boss frowned, hesitated, hemmed and hawed. "I'd rather you wouldn't go to the ball game to-day, Bobbie," he said firmly. "I have some work here for you."

As he disappeared in his private office the blonde grinned. "That's going to be a great ball game to-day," she said.

"Yes," said Miss Prim. "Mr. Snooks was going to let Bobbie take me to see it."

"He was?" said Bobbie. "Gee, what a narrow escape."

And then he laughed.

'S'MATTER, POP!

Y-Y-Y-I-I-TTS CHUH!

HE THOUGHT YA SCOLDED HIM POP!

WOW!

WHY I ONLY SNEEZED!

BUT HIS FIRST NAME IS YITTSCHOOK!

YHMATTAN POP!

HOW JEAN GOT AHEAD—No. Seven—Her First Mistake.

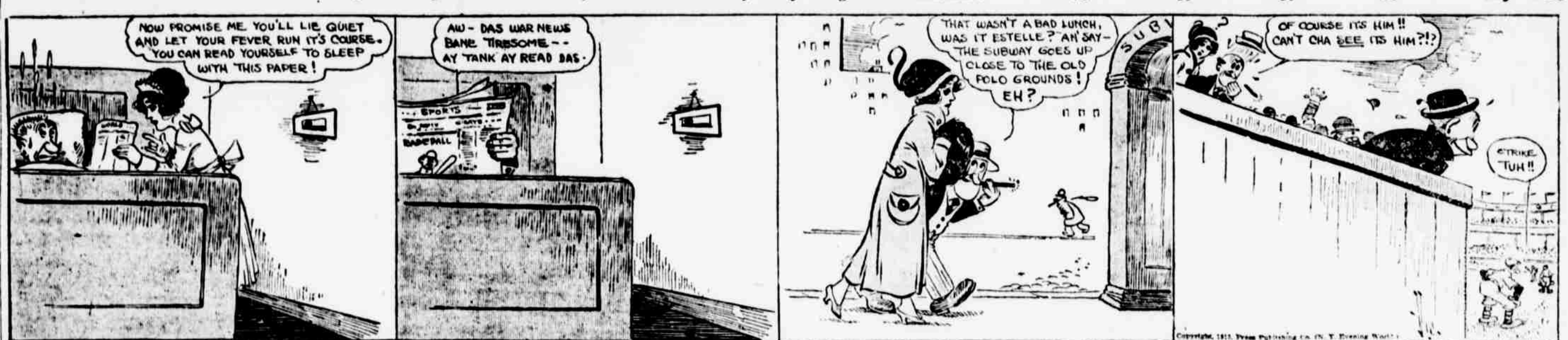
A "SUCCESS MOVIE" FOR YOUNG WOMEN—Illustrated by ELEANOR SCHORER.



'S'MATTER, POP!



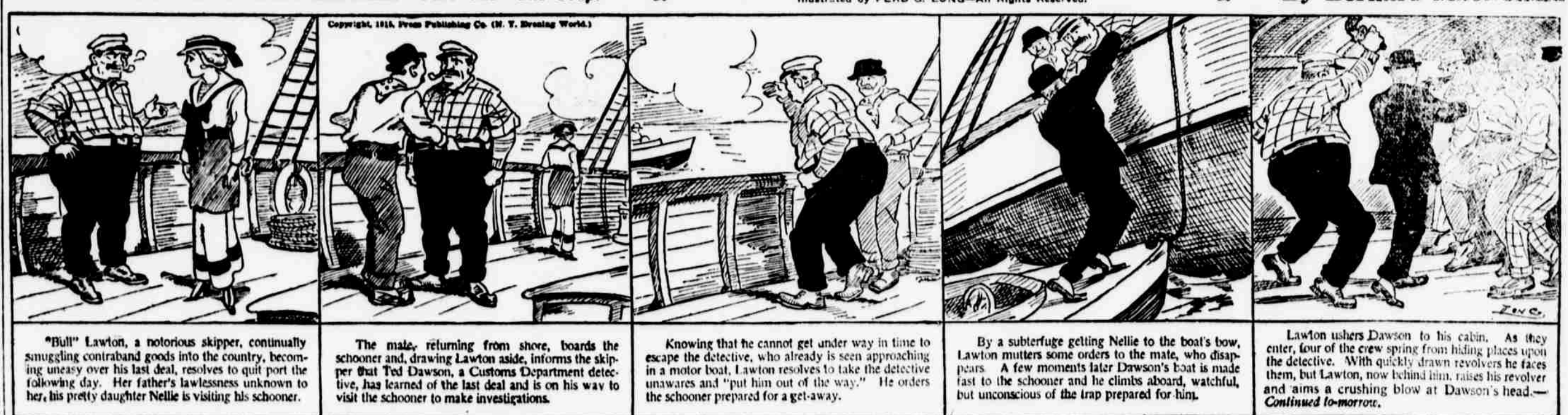
FLOOEY AND AXEL—Axel May Be Very Short on Health, but He's Certainly Very Long on Enthusiasm!



THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER—Part One—The Trap.

THE EVENING WORLD'S "MOVIE STORY" COMPLETE EACH WEEK. Illustrated by FERD G. LONG—All Rights Reserved.

By Bernard MacDonald



AND THERE YOU ARE.

Valencia Surratt doesn't want to say much about it, but she hints there's a plan on foot for six musical comedy stars, including herself, to form a combination and appear in a musical show in New York this summer.

"It won't be a revue," she said last night, "but it will be a big musical affair."

"Have you a theatre for it?"

"Buckley! They'll build us one if we want them to."

So.

LAMBS NOT TO TOUR.

The Lambs have decided not to take their gambol on tour this spring. They will give two entertainments in New York instead of one, as originally planned. These performances will take place at the Century Theatre early in June and the profits will go to the Actors' Fund. The tour has been abandoned because the Lambs think more money can be made by playing only in New York.

DODGE LOSES AN ICE-WORM.

"I'm worried," said D. Frank Dodge, chief of the Pelham fire department, yesterday at the Friars Club. "A hen belonging to Ann Waughman, our chief noisemaker, came over into my yard and swallowed one of my ice-worms."

"How's that?" queried Elliott Foreman.

"Yes," continued the chief, "the hen gulped the ice-worm right down. Of course, she was immediately frozen stiff and—"

"Just a minute!" said Sam Schmidt. "What froze her then?"

"Oh, froze her absolutely stiff," the chief went on. "We've hung her up to see if we can't save the worm—naturally we'd do that—but I fear I lost one ice-worm."

"What is an ice-worm?" asked Frank White.

"You see, that old hen didn't know!" said Tom Gill. "What is an ice-worm?"

"Yes," said the chief, "it was a good ice-worm. Came from Chile. The ice-worm spends most of its time spinning. I don't see how this one of mine can do much spinning and I'm worried."

Thereupon Chief Dodge left the room, his head bowed, and those who had been listening gazed after him in amazement.

GOSSIP.

Eleanor Gordon is now in "The Revolt."

Bert Williams will be in the new "Follies."

They say that Robert Edison has inherited \$100,000 from an uncle, and that he is going to the South to see his father-in-law.

Grace Hazard will sing at the Jardin de Danse beginning to-night.

"High Jinks" No. 2 closed in Johnstown, Pa., Saturday night.

For "A Day in Paradise" the

Measles. Shubert have engaged Cecil Lean, Cleo Mayfield, Shep Camp, Alice Dovey, Robert Pitkin, Carolyn Burke, Walter Armin and Kathleen George.

Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre closed last night. Several "added attractions" were on the bill. Billy Lee worm spends most of its time spinning. I don't see how this one of mine can do much spinning and I'm worried.

The Irving Cobb moving pictures, "From Paducah to Popularity" will be shown at the Vitagraph Theatre late Wednesday afternoon for Mr. Cobb's friends who were not at the recent Cobb dinner.

NEW FARGE COMING.

H. H. Frazee will present a new farce called "A Phil House" at the Longacre Theatre May 10. Herbert Corbell, May Vokes, George Parsons, Elizabeth Nelson, Ralph Morgan, Maude Turner Gordon, Clathorne Foster, Ida Darling, Claire Welton, Charles Goodrich and Hugh Cameron are in the cast.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"He was killed by hard drink."

"Toxicants, eh?"

"No, a cake of ice fell on him."

Good Stories Of the Day

His Salary.

MR. X—, a lawyer, was much accustomed to the habit of lecturing his clerks, his office boy coming in for an unusual amount of admonition whenever occasion called for it, and sometimes when it did not. That his words were appreciated was made quite evident to Mr. X— one day when a conversation between him and another office boy on the same floor was repeated to him.

"Whatcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"I get \$10,000 a year," said Mr. X—.

"I don't think!" ejaculated the other boy, derisively.

"Honest I do," said Tommy, "35 a week in cash, and the rest in legal advice."

Anticipation.

THE youngest girl of a Baltimore family was recently much distressed at dessert to discover that there was ice cream for dinner.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed the youngster reproachfully, "why didn't they tell me this morning that we were going to have ice cream?"

"What difference would that have made?" asked the child.

"Lots!" cried the child. "I could have expected it all day!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Real Treat.

A LITTLE Boston girl who had frequently been admonished by her parents as to the evils resulting from hurried mastication of food was, on a recent visit to New York, taken by an uncle to the Zoo in the Bronx. Among the beasts that particularly claimed her attention were the camels. She watched

Investigation Only.

IN a certain Arkansas logging camp the company maintains a physician who attends the residents of the camp, and also the families of some employees as live back in the hills. One day he was summoned to the home of a newly hired native, with the assurance that he was "wanted powerful bad."

With all haste he started, winding up one rough hollow after another, where the road was a mere tradition and came at last to a decrepit log house. As he opened the gate a hungry-looking woman came to the door and called:

"Be ye the company doctor?"

"Yes, I'm the doctor. Who is sick?"

"Don't reckon that's nobody sick, doctor."

"Well, why in the world did you

Surpassed.

ROBERT had two little playfellows who were passing the afternoon with him. They finally began boasting about their parents and belongings.

"My father," bragged Robert, "is going to build a fine house with a steeple on it."

"That's nothing," exclaimed Louis, scornfully. "My father has just built a house with a flagpole on it."

Sherman, who had been listening intently, was silent for a moment, then burst forth triumphantly:

"Gee, that's nothing! My father is going to build a corking house with a mortgage on it!"—Harper's Weekly.

"GETTING AHEAD AS A BUSINESS GIRL."

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Sunday World Wants Work Monday Morning